The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

A True Story of our Harry.

WHAT's the matter with our Harry?
Lying here so quietly.
Who could hurt the little fellow,
Rob him of his liberty?

In the morning bright and early,
Cheerfully he said good bye:
Now, lies like a broken lily,
Or a wounded butterfly;

Or a deer within the forest,
Hunted by the dogs and men,—
Days are long and nights are dreary,
While our darling lies in pain.

Little thought he, careless fellow,
When to climb the team he tried,
Of the care, and pain, and sorrow,
Coming of a stolen ride.

Children, listen to my story,
Go to school when you are sent.
If you break a limb like Harry,
Then like him you will repent. *A. S. T.*

Night Time.

TWILIGHT shadows, creeping, creeping,
Dark and darker grows the night.
One by one, the stars come peeping
Forth their tiny rays of light;
Little children, robed for sleeping
In their gowns, so long and white.

But no little infant's head
Should upon its pillow lay,
'Till an earnest prayer is said;
"Father keep me 'till the day."
Then within their snowy bed,
Tuck them gently all away.

And before the night is done,
May a vision, fair and sweet,
Come unto each little one,
In dreamland happiness complete,
Until again the rising sun
In the morning they shall greet.

For the Myrtle.

Starting in Life.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVID no longer cared to struggle against the storm. The fatigue and excitement of the last few hours had completly mastered him, and so dragging his sore feet a few steps onward he lay down under a tree. Peace had come again to his heart at last, and he thanked God, that though he had yielded at first to temptation, he had given him strength at last to retrieve his fault, and not left him to start on his new life with a stain on his soul at the outset. The snow whirled about him in the lonely forest, and he felt a numbness and stupor creeping over him; and he thought to himself "This is death, I shall be frozen and covered with snow before morning, and my poor mother will never know what has become of me. But in another world she may know that if I sinned, I repented, and was forgiven."

Overcome at last by stupor and numbness, he lay oblivious to all external things. The snow drifted higher and higher; and the wind wailed through the leafless branches above him, while the dark hours wore on, and the night passed. At early dawn a traveller slowly riding over the drifts in a sleigh, caught sight of a strange object by the way. He stopped his horse, and stepped cautiously to the spot where the object lay. Under the projecting trunk of a tree which had sheltered his head, was a boy's face upturned to the

sky, the eyes closed, the features rigid. Quickly removing the snow, which had made of itself a friendly covering for the exhausted body, the traveller laid his hand on the boy's heart. Was life extinct? No! He felt a feeble fluttering of the pulse, and the warmth in the limbs showed that the blood was still stirring in his veins.

He raised David in his arms; he chafed gently his hands and limbs; he pressed the marble face to his own glowing cheek, and soon the color came back, the lips relaxed, the eyelids lifted, and David's clear, truthful eyes opened to life and sight once more.

It was some time before he could collect his bewildered senses; but the kind hearted stranger took him into the sleigh, wrapping him in the warm robes as if he had been an infant, all the while scanning narrowly his face.

"You look as if you were your own grandfather in that coat," he said jocosely; "How old are you?"

"Fourteen years, last November," said David.

"And how came you here?" continued the stranger.

David frankly told his story.

"And so you are a runaway, are you? well; I don't think much of runaways as a general thing, but circumstances alter cases, and as your case is an exception to the general rule, I will see what I can do for you." "I live down in B. Massachusetts, and if you'll stop up yonder at the tavern with me to-night, I'll take you home with me to-morrow, and set you to work in my mill."

David was only too glad to accept the offer; and the next day found the two, thus so strangely thrown together, travelling by rail to the large manufacturing town of B., Mass., where David was soon at work, putting all the energy and strength of his young blood into what he did; and though he had at first to stand a great deal of ridicule from his new associates, on account of his "*greenness*" and the queer cut of his coat, he steadily kept at his work and wore the same coat until he fairly and honestly earned a new one.

The man with whom David so unexpectedly linked his future, was an honest and upright person, who took a real interest in the boy, and through his kindly influence and of his own indefatigable efforts, David Demming became not only a rich and prosperous, but a thoroughly good man, respected by all, and looked upon almost reverently by his now widowed mother, made comfortable and happy in a new home provided for her by her son.

Among the circumstances standing foremost in influencing him at his starting point in life, was the stolen inkstand. For years after, he could not recall it, without feeling his blood tingle with shame, that he should ever have been guilty of a theft. The memory of what he suffered there, had stood like a beacon light in his way ever after. And in the victory he gained over himself by returning it to its rightful place, instead of keeping it in his possession, thus hardening his heart and making it more susceptible to continued sin, he could see an influence which had colored his whole life. It was the first link in the chain of events which made up his after carreer, and the traveller who drew him from under the snow half dead, that wintry morning, and afterwards proved so faithful a friend, often told him, that his returning with the inkstand, was the circumstance which laid the foundation of the acquaintance which had proved so fortunate to them both.

Some boys and girls who read this story, may think that stealing an inkstand from a desolate country school house a very small thing to make such a fuss about. But remember, you who are just starting in life, that

> "It is the little rift within the lute,
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all."
>
> "The little rift within the lute,
> Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
> That rotted inward, slowly moulders all."

Making Baby Rude.

The baby happened once in a pretty little caprice to slap papa's face instead of kissing him when he stooped down for his greeting. Papa laughed, mamma laughed, aunties laughed, and baby thought she had hit a happy idea. After that she would slap papa instead of kissing him. Baby could at any time win a round of laughter and applause by visiting an expectant cheek with a blow for a kiss. She was such a sweet plaything! But there came a time when she ceased to be a plaything. What had been only arch and "cute" became downright rude. If she now mortified her parents by her brusque, pert manners as a girl, it was in doing precisely what they had taught her to do when she was a little baby. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Hay-Making.

In the hay, in the hay,
Toss we and tumble:
No one to say us nay,
All through this summer's day—
No one to grumble,

In the hay, in the hay,
Arthur we'll smother;
Bring armfuls, heap them high,
Pile them up—now good-bye,
Poor little brother!

In the hay, in the hay,
Snugly reclining,
Shaded from noontide heat,
Smelling the clover sweet,
See us all dining;

While the hay-makers sit
Under the willows,
Each with his bread and cheese
Spread out upon his knees,
Hay for their pillows.

Hark! how they laugh and chat,
Happy, light hearted!
Now to their work they go,
Raking up one long row
Fit to be carted

Now comes the wagon near,
Quickly they're loading:
Rake away! rake away!
While its fine, make the hay—
Rain I'm foreboding.

Now that the sunset ray
Says the day's over,
Homeward we take our way,
In the cart strewn with hay,
Smelling of clover.

A Horse and His Little Friend.

"On a small farm in France was a young horse, whose temper was so untractable, that all attempts at taming him failed. The farmer would have parted with him but for his youngest child, a boy about six years old; to whom, strange to say, the animal showed a great liking. He would come to his young friend, and receive food from his hand. He seemed pleased to have his shaggy neck patted by the little fellow. One day, all the adult members of the family were out in the fields excepting the mother, who, being engaged in the house, left the child playing in the yard; when he fell into a pond, and would have drowned but for the timely aid of his friend the horse. The animal happened to be loose in the stable, and hearing the familiar voice, came out at a trot, and, seeing the child struggling in the water, seized him by his garment, and drew him out at the very moment the mother came to look after him."

"Tee Dem Flowers."

So said little Robert to his sister Jane as he held up a bunch of flowers which he had found in his room one morning when he awoke. How do you suppose they came there? Somebody put them there? Of course somebody put them there. Flowers don't put themselves into rooms.

That "somebody" was sister Jane. She loved flowers, and she wanted her little brother to love them. She thought it was a good think to love flowers. She thought it had a tendency to make one gentle, refined, loving. She loved to cultivate flowers, and spent a good deal of time in her flower garden. One day, while she was thus employed, a man who was passing came and leaned on the fence, and said to her, "You had better be at school learning something instead of working at those things."

"There is no school to-day," said Jane, "because our teacher is ill. I am making a bouquet for her."

"That won't do her any good;" and he passed on.

Jane thought she was learning something while at work in the garden as well as at school. One thing that we learn at school is to form good habits. Jane was forming, in her garden, habits of industry and neatness. She was cherishing a love of the beautiful, which tends to make one gentle and refined. It is quite as important to be gentle and refined as to be sharp and energetic.

Jane not only got flowers for her brother: she did a great many other things for him. She was an object of notice on account of the care she took of him.

"I should think," said Mrs. Green, "that Jane would get tired of taking care of that boy. She is with him from morning till night. I think it is too bad to make so young a girl do so much."

"Her mother's health renders it necessary, perhaps," said Mrs. Yale.

"I pity the poor child. She seems to have a hard time."

"She does not appear to think so. She is one of the brightest and most happy-looking girls in the place."

It is true that the health of Jane's mother was not good; but that was not her sole or the principal cause of her devotion to her brother. She took care of him because she loved him.

GEORGE HERBERT said "a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning."

Mother's Flowers.

THESE are mother's pretty flowers,
Mother's gone away;
I will keep them in the light,
I will keep them moist and bright,
And when mother comes to-night,
"Thank you" she will say.

A Thorn in the Pillow.

LITTLE Mabel went to visit her grandmother. She seemed happy all day; for she had every thing to make her happy: but, when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear-drops on her eyelashes.

"Ah!" said the old lady next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, my dear?"

"Oh, no, grandmother!" Mabel replied: "I could never be home-sick with you."

It was just the same the next night, and the next. At length her grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, she would sit in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt, and shake her pillow; and her grandmother heard a little sob: so she went to her, and said,—

"Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow: what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was very much troubled.

At length Mabel answered, "O grandmother! when I am alone here I can not forget how I said 'I won't, mother;' and I can not unsay it. Mother is so good, and loves me very much! and—I—I was so naughty, grandmother!"

The tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn in the pillow; and she could not withdraw it. And so it will be by and by with the little boy who is at home now. When he is away amongst strangers he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And that little girl who does not care to help her mother now, looks cross when told to do anything, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.—*London Children's Friend.*

Fvils of Novels.

Peter had returned from school with a report of scholarship below the average. Said his father,

"You've fallen back?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is that?"

"Don't know."

A basket of apples stood upon the floor. The father said, "Empty out those apples, and fill it half full of chips."

The son obeyed.

"And now put those apples back."

The son said, Father, they roll off. I can't put in more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"No, of course you can't. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You didn't know why you fell behind. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much; and here you've been, the past month, filling it up with cheap dirt—dime novels?"

Not a dime novel in the house from that day.

For the Myrtle.

The Day-Dream.

LOTTIE STARR sat on the back seat, looking out of the school house window. It was a hot summer afternoon. Inside, the few children buzzed restlessly, much like the great bumblebee that buzzed against the upper part of the window for a moment and then darted out through the open space below. Lottie heard as in a dream the little children who stood in a row on the floor, spelling out painfully, and in a high key, letter after letter. "Good—boys—make—good—men."—Oh, dear, how hot and tiresome and sleepy it all was!

Outside, Lottie looked into a great apple tree, and across a wheat-field, and where a little brook ran purling along under maple-boughs, and far away into a thick green wood. The apple tree hung full of half-grown green apples, and birds nests were hidden among the leaves; and round it darted swift-winged birds, twittering softly in the still air, and through its dancing leaves fell the sun and flickered over the page of her geography.

"Oh, how nice it would be out under the apple-tree, or down by the brook;" sighed Lottie, "and how I could study out there."

The teacher came along and leaned against the desk, balancing her pretty hand on the little ruler she always carried. "Well, Lottie," she said, "how comes on the lesson?"

"Oh, teacher," said Lottie suddenly, "mayn't I *please* take my geography out doors, and study a little while in the shade? It's *so* hot here!" and she shrugged her shoulders about in her thin dress, and looked up in a very winning way.

The teacher smiled, and Lottie took hope. "I'm afraid you would not study so well out there," she said.

"O yes, I would," cried Lottie, eagerly, "*please*, teacher."

"If I let you go out and stay till the recess-bell rings, will you be *sure* to have a good lesson right after recess?" "Yes, indeed" said Lottie "Oh, it will be so nice!"

"Don't go out of hearing of the bell," said the teacher, and so Lottie slipped out, and not half the children noticed it. It was a mark of very special favor when the teacher let one of the girls "go out to study," and when done at all it was quietly and rather slyly.

Lottie first went out under the apple-tree; but the birds sung and the leaves flickered so, and she could see and hear what went on in the school-house so plainly that she could not put her mind on her geography lesson. "I'll go down under the maple-trees," she thought, "by the brook, and then I can get a drink of water."

She knew a little foot-path through the wheat, and soon she was in the maple grove, out of sound of the school-house. She tossed her geography on the ground, and kneeled down by the brook, and bathed her hands and arms and face, till they were all dripping and cool with the fresh water. Then she went to a small still pool above, and making a little hollow cup of her two wet

hands, dipped up water enough for a good, cold, refreshing drink. When the little pool got still again she stopped to look at herself in its mirror, and too smooth back the wet rings of her curly hair. Then a little brown trout darted into the pool, and Lottie almost caught him in her hands before he slipped out throught her fingers and went on down the stream. Lottie watched him wind in and out among the stones until he disappeared, and then she went in good earnest to her geography lesson.

She sat in the thick shade, and took the book in her lap. "'Illinois is bounded on the north"—so she went on through the first two or three sections. Suddenly a little bird flew up out of the tall grass close by the wheat. It was a ground-sparrow, and Lottie knew by the way it had scudded away through the grass that there was a nest not far away. She parted the grass carefully and followed the little trail. "Oh!" she cried with a long breath of delight. Such a cunning little sparrow's nest hidden in the grass, with one, two, three, four speckled eggs! Lottie resolved she would not tell a single child of this nest, but kept it for her own little secret. She took up the eggs and looked at them—such tiny, light little things—and wondered what should make a sparrow's egg speckled and a robbin's blue. Then she thought of the geography lesson.

She threw herself down on the ground, leaning on her elbows and laid her open book before her. "The staple productions of Illinois are wheat, corn"—

A great gray hawk, with his white-lined wings swooped down under the tree and almost brushed her head. Lottie, startled, flung away her book. Up swooped the hawk again, as startled as she. Lottie watched him wheel away, up, up, into the blue air till he was only a little speck. How blue the air was! and how deep and far you could look into it! And what a soft, misty green the tree was, as you looked into the thick branches and saw little flecks of the sky between! How lovely the world was—as if everything was in a beautiful dream. Lottie thought of the cool, dim paths down into the woods, where the wild-turnips blossomed, and the cherries and checkerberries grew. When cousin Ralph came up from the city she should take him through all these paths, and he would cut her a little birch walking-stick and she should show him this very sparrow's nest.

Then somehow, her thoughts wandered off to cousin Ralph's going to school and afterwards to college, and she wondered about the days when she should go away to school, too, and saw herself a young lady, with her hair grown out into long smooth ringlets, looped up high with a handsome comb, and flounced dresses, and a little black silk apron, such as her teacher wore, and a watch-pocket with a gold watch in it. Perhaps she would be a teacher too, by that time, and come home and spend the summer vacations; and cousin Ralph too—oh, wouldn't he be funny in a tall hat and whiskers.—

"Tinkle, tinkle," came faintly on the air. A shout of children hurrying in, followed it.

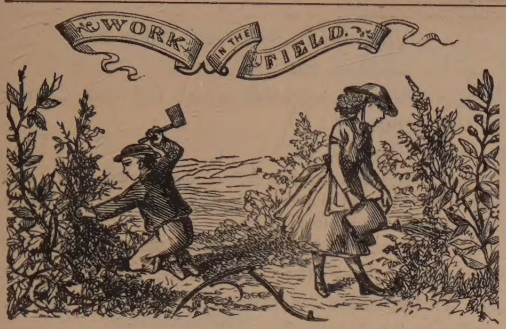
Lottie started up, as if the tinkle had been a thunder-clap. Why! the recess bell! it hadn't seemed like five minutes,—and *where* was her geography lesson?

Oh, Lottie—sure enough! Hard benches for hard lessons, dear, next time. The "staple productions" of a maple-shade are only—dreams and idleness. *H. A. B.*

Polly.

Who's this coming down the stairs,
Putting on such lofty airs;
With the hump upon her back,
And her little heels click, clack.
Such a funny little girl,
With a funny great long curl
Hanging from a mound of hair;
And a hat way back in the air,
Just to show a little border
Of yellow curls, all out of order.
She's a silly girl, I guess,
I'm glad it isn't—Why, bless
My soul! it's our little Polly
Tricked out in all that folly!
Well, I declare, I never
Was so beat, for if ever
There was a sensible girl,
I thought 'twas little Polly Earl.
And here—Well, it's very queer
To come back, after a year,
And find my Polly changed like this—
A hunched-up, bunched-up, furbelowed miss,
With a steeple of a hat,
And her hair like a mat,
It's so frightfully frowzled
And roughed up and tousled!
O Polly, Polly!—Well my dear,
So you're glad grandfather's here?
And I confess that kiss
Does smack of the Polly I miss,—
The girl with the soft, smooth hair,
Instead of this kinkled-up snare.
What, your just the same Polly,
In spite of all this folly?

Young Folks.



Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was observed in the Chelsea church,—Rev. A. J. Canfield, the pastor, and Prof. Leonard conducted the services. The *Globe* says of the spectacle: "The Church of the Redeemer was filled to its entire capacity, and tangible representations of fresh life and bud beauty were charmingly conspicuous. A profuse and tasty blending of evergreen and floral specimens formed into crosses, harps, crowns and other symbols, graced the altar, chancel and other parts of the church, which, with a group of little children on the platform, formed a tableau of beauty and loveliness. The Rev. Mr. Canfield read Scripture passages, and responses were given in music by the choir, followed by a prayer and remarks appropriate to the occasion. Nearly twenty little children were brought by their parents to the altar and presented to the pastor, who performed for each the impressive christening ceremonies, placing in each little hand a rose-bud at the conclusion. The pastor's infant was the first to receive the rite, which was performed by the Rev. Prof. Leonard. Interesting remarks, fine music, and a general distribution of flowers concluded the charming ceremonies."

—Children's Sunday was observed in both of the Acton parishes. At South Acton, the altar was decorated. The pastor, Rev. N. P. Smith, addressed the children, who recited selections and sang. At West Acton, the church was finely decorated with flowers, both wild and cultivated. After a brief discourse, came a Sunday School concert—recitations and singing, while one young lady was presented by the scholars with an elegant silver pitcher and salver. For the past two years Mr. Cutter has been superintendent, and is esteemed for faithful and efficient services.

—Children's Sunday was observed by our society in Newburyport June 15. The church was crowded to overflowing, and many were turned away unable to gain admittance. The altar was richly decorated with flowers, and the baptismal font half hidden in moss and roses, presented a fine appearance. The children, under the direction of their efficient superintendent, Mr. R. J. Torsey, took part in the exercises, which consisted of songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion, the baptism of chrldren and an address by the pastor, Rev. E. A. Drew.

—The same day was sacred to the children at Shawmut Church. We quote the *Globe's* report: "The morning services were of an unusually interesting character, it being the Children's Sunday, which is annually observed by that society. The pulpit was beautifully decorated with floral emblems and bouquets, and the children of the Sunday School connected with the Church occupied the pews in the centre of the auditorium. The opening services were conducted by the superintendent of the school, Charles Caverly, Jr., and consisted of readings, responses and singing by the scholars. The services were then continued with appropriate Scripture readings by the pastor, the Rev. L. L. Briggs, followed by the singing by the school of a beautiful hymn, 'We Praise Thee.' Five little ones were baptized."

—The Sunday School in Salem observed Children's Sunday The house of worship was most beautifully decorated with flowers and emblems; a living fountain gracefully threw its crystal jets into a bed of pine grove in the background, and a cataract tumbled over mossy rocks into a miniature lake; numerous hanging baskets of flowers mounted with evergreen festoons were added, making a near approach to nature herself, and hence a near approach to perfection. The religious exercises were conducted by the pastor, Dr. Bolles, superintendent, and the school, and were strikingly appropriate, the singing and recitations being admirably done. The rite of baptism was administered to more than a dozen little ones, including a child of the superintendent of the school.

OHIO.

—The *Star in the West* gives us the following items: The service of Children's Sunday was observed for the first time by the Sunday School and First Church in Cincinnati, June 8. The day was beautiful and there was a fair attendance on both of the children and adults. The pulpit and altar were very tastefully decorated, and the Church presented quite an attractive appearance. The exercises were under the charge of Mr. G. T. Craven, the Superintendent, and consisted of an appropriate service from the ALTAR, recitations by several scholars, and brief addresses by the Superintendent, and the Pastor, Rev. J. G. Adams, interspersed with choice singing by the Choir and School. The Superintendent remarked upon the desirableness of the presence and encouragement of parents in the Sunday School. The pastor's address was a Plea in behalf of the Children, in which he emphasized the duty of early religious culture of children, and their education from the Sunday School into the Church. Any religious education was better than none. Let parents act up to the best light that they have. As a fitting accompaniment to the services, five children were presented for the beautiful and solemn rite of dedication by baptism. The entire service was quite satisfactory, and "Children's Sunday," will hereafter be a fixed fact with the First Church.

—The beautiful services connected with Children's Sunday were first observed in this State at Springboro about ten years ago, and on each succeeding year the time has been anxiously anticipated by young and old. The services on June 8 were especially interesting. There was a large attendance at the regular sessions of the School, and at 11 A. M. the Church was well filled by the children and their friends. In connection with appropriate devotional services in which all took part, a brief sermon was delivered. At 8 P. M. the Choir and School gave a concert which attracted more people than could be accommodated conveniently. The singing by the School and Choir was very fine, and the recitations by the scholars commanded the strictest attention. It is needless to say that the floral decorations were of an appropriate character.

Sunday School Libraries.

The attention of Sunday Schools about purchasing books for their libraries, is called to the fresh and fine stock of books for sale by the Universalist Publishing House. All the books have been carefully examined, and we offer no books to Sunday Schools which contain sentiments not in harmony with the faith of Universalists. Selections have been made from the publications of all booksellers. Should it be more convenient to send for books than to make a selection personally, we are confident of giving perfectly satisfactory selections.

The Myrtle for 1872-3.

The volume of THE MYRTLE for 1872-3 has just closed, and bound volumes of it are for sale at the Universalist Publishing House. Price, $1 50.

Those who have saved the numbers for the year, can have them bound in the fine style of the volume of last year, for 75 cents.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XVIII.—PHILIP.

Question. — Where was Philip's place of residence?

Answer. — John i. 44.

Q. — With whom then, is it probable that he was well acquainted?

A. — John i. 44.

Q. —When Jesus wanted him for an apostle, did he seek him?

A. — John i. 43.

NOTE. As we find John and James mentioned with Andrew and Peter as in the same business at or near Bethsaida, we may conclude that all of them were intimate acquaintances of Philip.

Q. — When Philip had obeyed Christ's call, whom did he bring to Jesus?

A. — John i. 45-47

NOTE. Like the Jews generally, Philip had formed no right conception of the Messiah and his work. Although as simple in his faith as a little child, he was not prepared for the work and character of his Master, as will be seen by what transpired upon the eastern and uninhabited shore of the sea of Galilee.

Q. — Who followed Jesus across the sea of Galilee?

A. —John vi. 1, 2.

Q. — When these multitudes were on the uninhabited side of the sea, what question did Jesus ask Philip.

A. — John vi. 5.

Q. — Why did Jesus ask Philip this question?

A. — John vi. 6.

Q. — Did Philip suspect how the multitude would be fed?

A. — John vi. 7.

Q. — Who besides Philip had no clear idea of how they could be fed?

A. — John vi. 8, 9.

NOTE. Philip was a Greek name.

Q. — What request was made to Philip by some gentile converts to Judaism?

A. — John xii. 20, 21.

Q. — What probable led them to come to Philip with their request?

Q. — What did Philip do?

A. — John xii, 22.

Q. — What did Andrew and Philip do?

A. — John xii. 22.

Q. — What remarkable words fell from Christ, at this request?

A. — John xii. 32.

NOTE. This was the first fruit of the gentile world. And when Greeks desired to see him, Jesus thought and felt deeply respecting his mission to all nations.

Q. — When Jesus had been speaking to his disciples of the Father in heaven, what request did Philip, in his defective knowledge of Christ, make of his Master?

A. — John xiv. 8.

Q. — What did Jesus say to him?

A. — John xiv. 9.

Q. — When was Philip present with Christ the last time?

A. — Acts i. 13.

After the ascension, we have nothing authentic respecting Philip. He was a most sincere follower of his Master, and we can but believe that he continued in the work Jesus gave him to do, until his death,

Enigma.

An ancient prophetess.
One greatly beloved.
An ancient queen.
A title of Jesus.
A very devout man.
One who told a lie.
Paul's son in the gospel.
Where two were journeying.
My whole a title of Jesus.

Warren Tenney.

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